

A Child's Garden Of Moby Dick And Other Devious Ways

The world is so full of the signs of the sexes
which ends up in Lit as a pain in the nexus
the author is curing by writing about --
the more he's got hidden, the further he's out,
the more he's got levels, the more he's artistic,
so three cheers for symbols and let's all be mystic.
I'll tell you a story of flowers and bees,
I won't mention navels, I won't mention knees,
I won't mention anything is what it is --
something round will be Hers, something straight will
be His.

Picture Her Standing In A Frame Of May,

narrow as a needle, poised at the dark
room's edge, where tall windows let the evening
down on her slender shoulders, pale gold hair
flaming around her face, a young huntress
spearing us to our chairs with her true poem,

piercing the dust with silver eyes, reading,
"I love only you and I swear the words
fail me." The nunnery where she will run
wounded into poems (I swear) never fails,
opens its stone arms always to these brides.

One day she will inherit her mother,
her steel eyes will go tired and tender,
but what she feels now (words dead in her lap)
just freshly touched by kisses, marble girl
disarmed to the verge of mortal woman,
in this chill room remembers us as well.

--Dolores Stewart